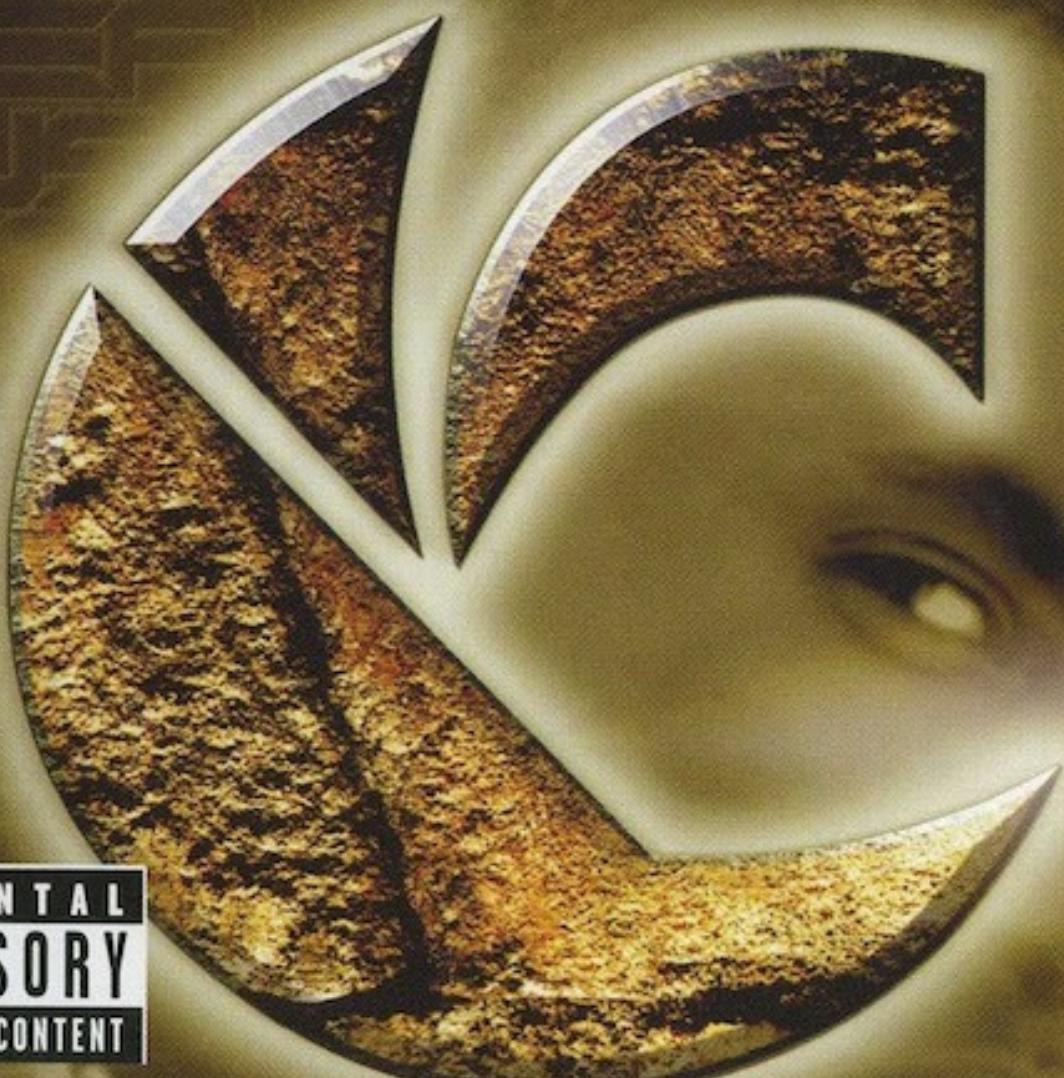


CANIBUS

2000 B.C.

(BEFORE CAN-I-BUS)



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"The C-Quel"

[Overlapped lines from songs in the past]

[OVERLAP 1]

"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
I'll battle you over the phone you can call me collect"

"Verbally vicious, telekenetically gifted,
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it"

"Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you
How many niggaz in my career I've ran through"

"At 1000 degrees celsius I make Emcees melt,
Fuck my record label I appear courtesy of myself"

"Canibus is the type to fight for mics,
beatin' niggaz to death and beatin' dead niggaz to life"

"While you niggaz is babblin' my lyrics is travelin'
like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen"

"The intellectual athelete accurately rappin' so rapidly,
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically"

"I walk the B-Lock with the G-Lock, C-ocked,
trynna' get the DR-op on the C-ops"

"The Canibus is a animal with a mechanical mandible
comin' to damage you spittin' understandable slang at you"

"Rhymes richocet off the inner walls of my lungs
and go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns"

"Whenever the head is severed from the human body
with a sharp enough weapon the brain remains conscious for 10 seconds"

"What's the matter with ya'll, I'll spatter ya'll,
against the muthafuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapault

"I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme,
Till the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9!!!"

[Verse 1]

Yea, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel, Yo!
I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores
To every single pore in my skull
Hard from my mouth to my jaws
>From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored

And from my balls in my draws to the floor
I pray to God they hurry up and start the third World War
So I can start World War 4 and murder us all
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor
Don't give a fuck if you got ya' picture in the Source of Forbes
I don't give a fuck who won an award
On stage tryna' thank God I'll chop ya' tongue off wit' a sword
Let them blood pour all on the floor
If it ain't a cordless, you gettin' punched in the jaw and hung wit' the cord
I'll leave ya' corpse stiff as a board
Like frozen meat tryna' thaw then bury you under the morgue
Gettin' in my way is like jumpin' in front of a car
Breakin' the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn
By the time you hear it blowin', it's too late to respond
By the time you feel it hit chu, I'm gone
I'll send ya' to hell where you belong
So by the time ya' body hits the floor
Ya' spirit won't be in it no more
Who could flow for 4 minutes or more
Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws
I got millions of styles and I mastered'em all
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bullcharge and crash in the wall

[OVERLAP 2]

"Whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed
Get everything in the club thrown at you and ya' crew"

"I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it,
I'll snatch ya' crown with ya' head still attached to it"

"I battle you the respect, I'll battle you over a blank check
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck"

"Ambushin' emcees, jumpin' out the trees like Vietnamese
in fatigues covered with leaves"

"Next year, you'll be walkin' around the "How Can I Be Down"
conference with a laminate, that said "I Got Shitted-On By Canibus""

"Turn ya' head round gimmie the cheddar,
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever"

"Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me,
an emcee so ill I got AIDS scared to catch me"

[Verse 2]

Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waitin' on
Debatin' on what the fuck is takin' so long
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippins bout to get shared out
Wack niggas bout to get aired out
Faggit niggas get they ass teared out
Grab a wise man by his goatee and rip his fuckin' beard out
Cold beat a niggas ass like Stout

Then bust a shot in the muthafuckin' courtroom and watch it clear out
A hundred thousand mile warranty
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally
I took a lion on tour wit' me, made him respect authority
Smacked him in the head for trynna' roar at me
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty
And there ain't nothin' on this God damn planet that's worth more to me
In the name of Hip-Hop niggas could corner me
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery
Way back before gold-plated male and female
RCA jacks was used for crystal clear playback
I was trynna' blaze ADATS, and if a nigga said my demo was wack?
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back
"Yea nigga" *[smack]* "What? Yeah nigga take that"
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus'll buss yo' ass
Then I'll bust you wit' a shotgun blast
It's not fun so I don't laugh
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one
You know how you be feelin' sad
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone but niggas don't understand
Canibus is unequivocably the illest killin' machine in the industry
For the 20th century
Trapped in a max security building
Sufferin' from a severe illness called brilliance *[echoes]*

Canibus Lyrics

"2000 B.C. (Before Canibus)"

[Canibus]

Yo! My offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad
Knock a nigga unconscious and talk shit
In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object
Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'
So in the ring, you cannot win
The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in
With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin
knock you out like ten shots of vodka and gin
The beautiful blend of power and strength
From the top of my head, down to where my toe cuticles end
I verbally burn a nigga,
Lyrically hurt a nigga,
Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga,
Kennedy curse a nigga,
Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?
Who can embarrass a man?
Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands
On candid cam, the Canibus can
The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a man

[Chorus]

It's been a long time,
I shouldn't have left you,
Without a strong rhyme to step to
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!
It's been a long time,
I shouldn't have left you,
Without a strong rhyme to step to
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!

[Canibus]

Yo! I spit for it (lie for it!)
Live for it (die for it!)
Back out the nine, commit a homicide for it
If I'm handcuffed with the right to remain silent for it
I'ma blow trial and do the federal time for it
you mad at the last album, I apologise for it,
Yo, I can't call it, motherfuckin' Wyclef spoiled it,
But this time for 99 I got 5 on it
You should double up and put a dime on it,
Matter of fact, triple your nickle and put 14.99 on it
I'ma shine on it,
Watch Flex drop a bomb on it
About ten times on it

Watch people call a request line for it
Cypher sounds keep pushin rewind on it
Look out for the album with the Canibus design on it
12 O'Clock in the morning you'll be standin on line for it
I'm a live poet, with a sharp ear and eye for it
Coz I tear down mics and put a out of order sign on it

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo, I rip shit with the ballistic characteristics
Of a hollow tip at point blank distance
I flip shit when I spit shit
Father forgive Bis,
I just snatched the Jesus piece off some Christians
Coz they sounded like idiots
They went from silver to gold to platinum
After the millenium they'll probably be wearin' Iridium
They so gassed, if a bitch sucked they dick they'd probably cum helium
Y'all niggaz can't be serious, I was nice before ice
Before Christ, before the words let there be light
And a light took over the night
I was born with a mic
Lord of the mic before all plant and animal life
Took this rap shit to new heights
Before the Wright brothers took flight
Before dog fightin' and aerial strikes
Before MC's picked up pens and started to write
Before promotional marketin' and ?posterlights?
The Can-I-Bus'll bust up mics
Punch out lights
Punch out your motherfuckin eyesight
For the title bought fight
Ask Top Phife, I snatch the track for half price
The Canibus is too nice
Gimme that mic!

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Life Liquid"

(feat. Journalist)

(blood spillin in the street)

(the what?)

(blood spillin in the street)

(the what?)

[Journalist]

Yo, Wit two precise niggas

Holdin the right biscuits

There'll be alot cats leakin out their life liquid

Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures

When we throw two in your ass while you huggin on your mistress

From Philly, wit cats quick to mute you at

Cuckoo cats, twist back your Fubu cap

Crucial, black

Two chicks to screw you at

Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at

While you checkin on your pagers

Weapons in your faces

Shot blazin

Cops section off the pavement

Hoppin out with gauges

Prepare for the occasion

We throw about eight in

The house that you was raised in

Mouthin off, fakin will make you a ?mouth? patient

Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin

And while your brain's achin'

Imma have your dame slavin'

Cocaine and apron

Over a flame bakin'

[Hook]

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -

until they layin dead on the granite

[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gett shot by standard

[Journalist] y'all better duck when you hear the cannon

[Both] Or y'all be checkin for leaks -

Niggas'll have your blood spillin in the street

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -

until they layin dead on the granite

[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gettin shot by standard

[Journalist] y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon -

Now you layin deceased

[Both] Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Canibus]

Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya
Cause this is the season of the infrared laser
And since I got time, What I'm gonna do
Is show you how you can get spotted by one too
Cause I don't give a fuck
I just cock back and bust
With more arms than an octopus
As if one gun wasn't enough
I fuck around and pull eight out
Blast your face off or blow your brains out
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out
Then I pull the gat in my waist out
Put it in your mouth
And keep squeezin till the whole clip is sparyed out
Take the gun in my ankle brace out
Shoot you in the stomach till I see the last meal you ate drain out
Your face look spaced out
I gut you like a trout
And scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage out
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of windex
Bullets buzzin by your head like insects
From your head to your mid-sec'
And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet
Your masculinity is questionable
You probably a homosexual
Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you probably threatens you
You probably look at grapes and see testicles
You probably fantasize about vegetables
like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you
And you probably let gerbles crawl up your rectum too
Shame on you
I defecate on you and simultaneously (urinate) on you
Pour some acid rain on you
I stop your heartbeat with heat
You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Hook]

[Both]

Ayyo Journalist what you workin with?
Old school burners with
-Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit
What you holdin Canibus?
30 bullet banana clips
Just to handle a kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit
We got permits to murder shit
We critically injure niggas who deserve the shit
Put em in a tourniquet
Bomb proof Suburbans with [?]track to tread size?
so we can ride through the dirt with it
Drive over curbs with it
[?] in it, even over slippery surfaces

We can swerve in it
And crash into niggas who don't insert their shit
Try stoppin it dudes
You gotta be bruised, cockin the tools
And knock you out your socks and your shoes
We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin
Look how much life liquid you losin
You need a blood transfusion
In the back of a medic truck
Shots in your neck and gut
While we holdin our weapons up
I'm still reppin' Philly - what?

blood spillin in the street
the what?
blood spillin in the street
the what?

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Shock Therapy (Interlude)"

Yeah, nigga, get the fuck..
Ow, what, man?!
The fuck! *[*activates taser*]*
What the hell is that, man?
What's up with them beats? Don't worry what that is!
W-what beats?
The beats, nigga!
I told you those are originals, I produced
I ask you what's the samples on the motherfucking beats!
There's no samples
There's no samples? You gon' look me in my MOTHERFUCKING face and tell me ain't no FU- *[*electrocution*]*
AAAAAAH!
Motherfucker! Oh, shit! YEEAAH!
I'm telling you man, these are originals!
YEAH! What's on the beats, nigga?
There's nothing, there's no samples on them, man
Oooh, you just gon' play a nigga like~ *[*electrocution*]* AAAAAAH! MOTHERFUCKER! What's on the beats?
Alright, man!
YEAH! There's a little place, I added little things:
"I dream of Jeannie"-
I dream of WHAT?! *[*electrocution*]*
AAAAAAH! Motherfucker! YEAAH!
Bass' Q*BERT
Eh, uh, what??
I needed the sounds~
THE GAME??
DUUUU-WUUUUUH, DUUU-WUUUUU~
DUU-MOTHERFUCKER! *[*electrocution*]* AAAAAAH!
DUU that!
I did~
YEAAH! YEEAAH!
And the, and the, and the sound from the train
TOOOOO-TOOOOT! TOOOOO-TOOOOT!
For what?!
Toooo~huh?
What's that for?
The bass!
Motherfucker! *[*electrocution*]*
AAAAAAH! The-the bass!
GODDAMN LIAR!
The bass wouldn't work without TOOOO-TOOOOOOT!
Get the~ *[*electrocution*]*
AAAAAAH!
Mother~ DOO! Motherfuck~ YEAAH! YEEAAH!

Canibus Lyrics

"Watch Who You Beef Wid"

Watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
Watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid

[CHORUS]

Yo, you better watch who you beef wid
You might be walking down the street, then
Suddenly you hear tires screechin
Niggaz'll be hoppin out with heat and
Throw you in the car seat and leave your lady standing there screamin
The whole weekend, you get blindfolded and beaten
Nosebleedin, gaspin for air, wheezin
You got kidnapped and you don't even know the reason
We even called your fam for ransom, they said, 'Keep him'

Watch who you beef wid
Yea, it ain't no secret
Talkin that street shit'll get you in some deep shit
See, niggaz know who you beef wid,
Where you be at, when you be gone, when you be back
All of my niggaz got doctor degrees in thuggonometry
We all know how to hold the heat properly
And how to conduct an armed robbery for personal property
And can go without food or water for 24 hours at least
We fugitives, who ain't doin a bid, and shoot to live
Even if it means leavin you for dead
Cause niggaz like you get scared, look for loopholes
Pick the phone up and dial 9-uno-uno
What happened to them truant niggaz that you talk about
The crew of niggaz that you never walk without
I know what happened
You heard about the double-action
Portable gatling and y'all don't wanna get blasted

[CHORUS]

Ay yo we run up in radio stations on some unannounced shit
Catch the DJ off guard and roundhouse him
Duct tape his mouth then, put a pound to his gut
And force him to play 5 cuts off the up and coming album
Just the way I planned it, niggaz'll start to panic
Brains get hijacked like planes'll crashlandin
Bitch niggaz pray to the lord
The black box who was supposed to record
The pilot's voice got destroyed

So watch who you beef wid
And watch who you suck your teeth at
It'll probably be something you regret
Get wet with horizontal rain droplets
Miniature rockets, comin out barrels of metal objects
niggaz get shot in the face
On the ground shakin like tectonic plates that cause earthquakes
Now you got your grill in the ground, how that dirt taste?
You shouldn't have started this shit in the first place

[CHORUS]

Cause niggaz is comin to get you, ready to rip you
With intercontinental ballistic missiles and pistols
Put a red dot on your head like you Hindu
Then put a hole in you big enough to put my open fist through
We could verbally diss you or we could get physical
Whatever niggaz wanna do, we could do it too
Cause you a sinner, I'm a sinner, we all sinners
We rob niggaz for their presents at their bar mitzvahs
We rob niggaz for their body organs
Sold em to the highest bidders
Things like hearts and livers
One and a half million in cash when it's delivered
They go to Yom Kippur and beg for God to forgive us
So you the type that, find violence real frightening
Or hold your crucifix tighter when shells is firing
Sittin by your bed perspirin, tryin to crawl underneath it
You need to watch who you beef wid

[CHORUS]

Keep that low-down, stinkin motherfucker
Uh, you need to watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
Yea nigga, watch who you beef wid
Uh, watch who you beef wi

Canibus Lyrics

"I'll Buss 'Em You Punish 'Em"
(feat. Rakim)

[Canibus] Yeah, I bust 'em... you punish 'em

[Canibus] Yeah...let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Come on Ra, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus]

Yo, yo...

Out on the battling tip my verbal lateral grip

Keeps my tongue glued to the A-Dat when I'm trackin' 'em swift

Let my spit lubricate the chap on my lips

And make you rappers have fits 'cause I'm back in the mix

Forget a pad and a pen, I write rhymes on an IBM

Ebonics is dead, the binary language is in

Canibus practices in a room wit a thousand candles lit

Meditating on this rapping shit

Because my freestyle reigns sovereign

Wit a deeper conscious than the prophet Muhammad was born wit

My brain cavity is enormous

My left hemisphere alone harnesses all of the 7 sharveous

While the right one harnesses darkness

The type of dark that makes a house haunted

The type of dark that people get lost in

The type of dark you fear when you're dead in your coffin

I hear you talkin' but I ignore it

Cause you garbage and your rhymes borin'

So keep standin' on the corner,

the thrash-man will collect you in the mornin'

Thug cats frontin'

Wacker than Blinky Blink

on the back of the wack-ass wagon babblin' about - nothin'

Now that real hood rats could get it on, black

Meet me at The Tunnel where pussy cats get robbed at

Rubber faced rappers get stretched like elastic claymation

characters with verbal vernaculars

Slappin' ya like a white water raft

or an Olympic kayak paddlin' across the - Niagara

Fake MCs haul ass like they runnin' track

Where ever Canibus or Rakim is at

[Canibus] Let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Come on Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

[Rakim]

Be ready and at ya best
The celebrity match of death
Heart snatched through your chest, cardiac arrest
Crack your neck while I break your arms, catch your breath
Then I asked the ref, "how many cats is left?"
One on one, who challenging? Come get did
All I have is a pen and punish you kids
Abdomen punctured and look what I did to his wig
Wanna live then I stab 'em in the lung with his rib
Every word I say detach a vertebrae from your spine
Rematch wherever we meet at, any place anytime
Get your snot-box smashed with a 9
Smacked with a rhyme, push your forehead to the back of your mind
Try to explain what it's like seeing your brain
Your insane, soon to be ID'ed as remains
Then I reincarnate 'em and kill 'em again
Again and again, again and again

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]

Yo, yo...

The battle started with a grapple
He had real long hair so a grabbed a hand full
And chopped 'em in the Adams-apple
His partner in back of you tried to attack you
So I'ma twist 'em up like a pret-zel then I'ma tag you

[Rakim:]

I'm on some stone cold shit
Warn your whole click
Cartilage get blown until the whole bone split
Who wanna spit, bang quick, strangle 'em wit his lip He tried to flip
but I left his body danglin'

[Canibus:]

You left 'em danglin'
I can't believe he wanna grapple again

I swung 'em around like I was dancing wit 'em
Put his arms in back of his head and snapped 'em again
Then I grabbed his limbs and put in the figure--"6 subtracted from 10"

[Rakim:]

Seven birds, make 'em swerve 'til their vision is blurred
Turn cats that suped from superb to nerds
Just say the word, I'll leave your DNA on the curb
And stick my dick in your ear and fuck what you heard

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic-Nificent"

[Canibus]

Yo, sittin on chrome, sittin on low pro 20 inch firestones
Grippin the road with the wickedest flow, 'Bis is a pro
I zigzag throughout sly loam
Accelerate and decelerate in and out the cones
Poisonous poems travel through walkman headphones
Into your dome Osteoperosis your bones,
Who's the nicest nigga you know in the year two triple-oh
Spit turn to icicles in the mid air and slit your throat
Drain your carcass dry rip out your heart bitch
I write rhymes using your blood for my ink cartridges
Paleoanthropologists, polish the bones
of rapper artist after I dip in my hydrochloric waters
Canibus, with the seams burstin, perfect
Everyday the earth spins I write verses
My soul purpose as a verbalist, is to make my words twist
and connect like letters when they're in cursive

[Chorus: x4]

I'll pray on them, spray on them
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

[Canibus]

Yo, Yo, I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert
In twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen
With thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to digest 'em
And fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines
So ask yourself a question - can the Canibus rhyme?
Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind
My rhymes, confuse niggas like somebody try to gang-bang
wearin a blue shirt and red pants,
throwin up signs with their left hand
Standin out on the corner of wetlands
with a confederate flag for a headband
God dam eggplants, niggas gettin me vexed man
Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav
and I can't seem to get away from it
I dreamed that I stabbed Leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line
Why the art of emceein is steady dyin

That nigga Canibus is still in his prime, bust a rhyme

[Chorus: x4]

I'll pray on them, spray on them
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

[Canibus]

Club Dodge, I wrecked that
Limelight, cursed that
Envy, I murdered that
Club SoHo, never heard of that
Wetlands, dried it up
Cheaters, decided to club, fired up
looking for a chicken to tie up
Club New York, I heard it's hot there
beats be rocking there
Too many niggaz be getting stabbed and shot there
Speed, I slowed it down
The Tunnel, they hold it down
Home of the underground, why they always close it down
Century club, the hot shit
House of Blues, I rocked it
One twelve ATL, that's the Dirty South bomb shit
Synagogue, yeah I be there
Caribbean City, roll deep there
Lyricist Lounge, they be some real emcees there
there there *[fades out]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Die Slow"

(feat. Journalist)

[Canibus]

Yo (Die Slow)

Yea (Die Slow)

Ya niggas better..(Die Slow)

Uh (Die Slow)

All you can do is (Die Slow) nigga (Die Slow)

(Die Slow) [x4]

All you can do is die (Slow)

Yea

(Die Slow) [x2]

Fuck ya'll

(Die Slow) [x2]

Die Slow nigga

(Die Slow)

[Canibus]

Yo

You against me.. No contest

My tongue hydraulics

Strong enough to flip a 64 impala with 3 adult passengers
and a 4 hundred pound driver

And drown you in less than an ounce of your own saliva

Rubberface rappers get, stretched like elastic

Claymation characters wit verbal vernacular

Slappin' ya, like a white water rafter

Or a Olympic kayaker, paddlin' across the Niagara

My afterburners'll be burnin' you after

Ya' body already been splashed with acid

And you turn to ashes

Assassins camouflaged in the grass blastin'

Leavin' blood all over ya' lady like Jackie O'Nassis

I'll fly ya' body outta Dallas

Perform plastic surgery while we airborne and switch caskets

Then lie to the masses

I'll tell'em that you got murdered over some East West beef, between rappers
Radio stations'll express they sadness

Play classics back to back and pass out "Stop The Violence" pamphlets

Just imagine, every night ya' girls fuckin' ya' best friend

While you in hell throwin' tantrums

I'll be lampin' in a mansion somewhere out in the Hamptons

Givin' some pretty ass bitch a spankin'

Nigga you can't win

I'm laughin' cause you a has been

You'll never get ya' groove back

So don't even bother askin', Angela Bassett

You'll just get ya' ass kicked

Get ya' head chopped off and dropped in a basket
My left arms taken but my right ones free
That means I could diss another muthafuckin' emcee
Wit rhymes that appear clearer than liquid crystal
My lyrical is more visual than television screen pixels
I fire pistols, hit you wit' miniature missles
Riddle ya' body wit' holes then watch the blood sprinkle
Ya probably had no idea what you was gettin' into
On the mic, Can-I-Bus is invincible
Fuck you

[CONVO 1]

[*"Die Slow" through out the convo*]
Hey Yo that nigga got an attitude
Yeah he be actin rude
And he's always trynna' battle you
That last album was terrible
When he's on the radio he never got a clean mouth
Yeah everytime he freestyles, his words be gettin' bleeped out
You got the album?
Naw I heard it was weak
You got the album?
I said it was weak
But the shit don't come out till next week
Hey Yo I like the nigga's beats
Yo that shit be comin' bugged out
Hey Yo that nigga Bis dumbs out
He waited too long to come out.....

[*Journalist*]

To you bitch niggas who talk alot
But walk the block, in halter tops
Left side of ya chest, mark the spot
That's where a nigga put it, when i'm hooded
Then fill you up wit big bullets
Prepare you for some channel 6 footage
Know what is, Me and Bis, runnin' through ya courtyard
Creepin' wit a four-five and reachin for ya door knob
Throw a gun under ya chin, see how quick your whore rise
One shot could have a short slide, right out the North side
Your whole flow is porkrine
Spit the small oints
I'm nasty, but my small joints grip the bar point
Drop on top of the blue line..right beside the red one
Keep the flow fairsome, 'till the day my career done
Bring it to ya ass if you the challengin type
Especially those, surroundin' the mic
Sound of the light
To the Journ, ya'll ain't no suitable spitters
True to you niggas
Lay you out on MD's, recoupin' ya liver
Shoutin' my name,
Ya best to control the noise soldier boy

Or homicide will be all over you ploys with Polaroids

[CONVO 2]

["Die Slow" through out the convo]

Yea, yo that nigga Journalist gets busy yo

I heard he's from Philly yo

I seen him in Bis video

He's so skinny tho'

Now he's rollin' wit Canibus?

I don't even understand his shit

That nigga sounds like an amateur

Yo i heard Jay manage him

Yo he got some heavy gold shit

Man, that's some old shit

Yea yo the niggas that he roll wit'

probably let 'em hold it

He got alotta Benji's

No he don't

Everytime, when i see him in the back of The Source

He looks [?]

Canibus Lyrics

"Doomsday News"

Yo, yo..
If I had half as many bars in gold
as I had in lyrics when I flowed
I'd be the richest man on the globe
Niggaz wanna know is Canibus gold?
That's a stupid-ass question motherfucker, is Canada cold?
Bout a thousand degrees lower than liquid nitro is
Five thousand degrees hotter than flame throwers
I reflect light, bounce off walls and wreck mics
Disconnect your windpipe by cuttin your neck with a knife
Rip through, everything from tissues to blood vessels
My ninjitsu, kill you with the art of Tenchu
I zig zag, zig crushin a kid
With G-forces violent enough to crush your ribs
like pilots that fly Russian MIG
Comin to punish you pigs
Give a fuck who you is; nigga, Canibus in ya biz
From the lowest point in the planet to Mt. Everest
I kick the illest shit, spray-paintin my name across the pyramids
The rap terrorist, Professor Emeritus
Fuck forbidden fruit I was eating pussy in Genesis

[Chorus:]

What you got niggaz that's ready to brawl?
I'll give you the phone card and the cell to make a call
What the fuck y'all bitch niggaz actin like y'all tuff for?
We'll stuff y'all, uppercut y'all, confront y'all
On stage we break arms, legs, backs and jaws
Enough damage to cancel your tour (Fuck y'all!)

[Canibus]

Now I said it once and I'll say it a thousand times
I got thousands of rhymes, the rechargeable alkaline kind
You wanna a piece of mind? Fine, we can take it outside
Otherwise you're wastin your time, cause I'ma shine
for the one-triple-9, niggaz gamblin damage they eyes
Goin blind, tryin to keep up with these lyrical lines
The type of nigga you can't flow behind without a dope rhyme
You fuck around and get clotheslined til you nosedive
We can rhyme fair and square or fair in the sphere
Anyplace, anywhere, you niggaz don't have a prayer
Cause doomsday is near, faggot niggaz is scared
They stand and stare as I appear upon a cushion of air
With a long white beard flamin, hot enough to sunburn Satan
Hotter than white people takin vacation
out in Jamaica out in the sun bathin;

sun bakin in gamma ray radiation
til they skin color look cajun
Motherfuckers start agin to the point
where they faces shrivel up like raisins
and they become cancer patients

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo.. I manipulate the metaphysical
power to hold my breath for half an hour
Continuously breathin outward; you ain't an MC you a coward
I make wack rappers lose control of they bladders
and piss in they trousers
Pink pussy possum niggaz play dead
While my heat waves hit, and verbal x-rays evaporate shit
Water molecules get transformed to vapors
My lyrics turn the Pacific into a dry lakebed
Electromagnetic cassettes melt tape decks
Niggaz battle in space; tryin to hold it down
but they can't cause they weightless
Amateur swordsmen gets stabbed through they face mask
trying to escape death
A world where the whole globe will contract Ebola
from drinkin spring water darker than Coca-Cola
Human with AIDS, computers with Y2K
I rock rhymes counter-clockwise until doomsday

Fuck y'all, fuck y'all, fuck y'all

Canibus Lyrics

"Lost @ "C""

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, yo, now when you see that big ass C, you know I'm comin through
And when you know I'm comin through, you know what I'ma do
I never sent to battlin me, would be impossible
I just think it's highly motherfucking improbable
You talkin to a nigga, niggas split molecules
To subatomic particles, strong enough to stop a bull
Bodies slam, to oxygen, drop a mule
Urinating rocket fuel, freestylin over gospel tunes
Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours
I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album
Kickboxer, beatin the shit out niggas proper
I beat 'em till they holler, beat 'em til the cops come
Beatin niggas til they have seizures, beat 'em til they start screamin
Like fax machines when they start receivin
Beat 'em til my own hands start bleedin
Beat 'em til they lungs stop breathing and they heart stop beatin
From 12 am to 12 pm in the evening
With three 15 minute breaks in between 'em
Good jesus, that's a really stingy beatin
That's what you get for fuckin with this lyrical demon
Bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons
I got cast out of heaven for treason
Got cast out of the Garden of Eden for lettin the reptilian beast in
Got locked up for a DUI and speedin
A whole legion of half decent emcees get released when
They spit a hundred bars for they freedom
See I'm much too nice to compete wit
Too nice to flow over beats wit, too nice to hold a M I C wit
Off some diesel Hercules shit, I cold flip
And start to punch trees til they leafless
Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath
Til the whole planet suffocates and then release it (release it)

[HOOK x2:]

Yo, you ain't as cold as us
Or as bold as us
When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to us
(When we in the warzone, we got the chrome wit us)
Cuz we rollin rough, when the soldiers rush
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust (ashes to ashes and dust to dust)

[Verse 2]

Yo, yo, now for the last couple of months, things been real quiet
Cuz I ain't heard shit worth buyin
I'm bout to show you niggas how I'm driven
The drive comes from my lyrics and my lyrics come from my inner spirit

Five bringin the, faster than 12 cylinder engines with nitrogen in 'em
Faster than F-1 with light pistons
Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm
Cuz you niggas is slower than fat bitches with tabalism
The way I rip apart the competition when I be spittin
The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism
Show me a man that can't feel him
I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck
And put his head to the fan on the ceiling
Suffer real bad from television shit
Drop him off the roof of a building and let the news film him
I hop in front of the cameras and tell 'em how I'm feelin
I tell 'em how I feel that hip hop, should deal wit it
Tell 'em how I'm tired of the state rappers in
Ninety percent of the shit that rappers give is subject matter less
Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the same characters
Shootin the same videos, it's embarrassing
You's in the same formal as the [?]havel head?
You's are the same actors and actresses, same shit different laxative
Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatchin your mic
I make you run for your life, children in the daylight
That track you at night, my global position is satellite
Got a infrared blaster to test your body's fahrenheit
Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or snow
I track you til you're seizure grows into a afro
Until you plaid 'em into cornrows
Track you til your shoe soles develop holes
And you get, corns on your toes
Til your teeth develop hollow coses
But you been goin so long without deodorant you don't even notice it
Motherfucker

[HOOK x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Phuk U"

Phuk..U [x4]

Ok

Phuk..U [x4]

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo

Ayo, nobody can flow wit Bis

Rock a show wit bis

Or go toe to toe wit Bis

None of yall can co-exist

We livin in an Ice Age and its cold as shit

100,000 dollar price range, niggas is frozen stiff

All I know is this

My felt tip hotter than hell get

186 thousand miles per sec can melt flesh

Give a nigga a tan

Aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand

While I promote that new Canibus jam

Niggas feel it underground wit stalactites hangin from the ceiling

I'm out on tour wit 30 city trips

Every state its like bitches be bulimic for dicks

Screamin the chorus

Half unconscious

I hold my cordless

Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest

While the people go insane for us

I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us

Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I ain't payin for it

I freestyle the whole set

Kickin a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next

Fuck you!

[Chorus 1]

Phuk.. U.. [x2] Ok

Phuk.. U.. [x4] Ok

[Verse 2]

Fuck- them extra niggas that's always around you

Fuck- niggas that talk about you and try to clown you

Fuck- niggas you run into that never did nuttin' for you

Fuck- niggas that's lyin tellin people they discovered you

Ok, Fuck- niggas that're jealous cause you nicer than them

Don't give a -fuck- who you offend you gotta fight till the end

If you -fuck- a groupie chicken when you out on tour

Smoke a little bit of weed wit her then -fuck- her some more

Tell her to bring three friends so you can -fuck- all four

Menage-a-trois, what the -fuck- she expect you a dog
Almighty god blessed you wit a dick and two balls
So if you like to -fuck- pussy that don't mean that you wrong
Unless you -fuck- it raw dog
I -fuck- a nappy dug out
Bust in her mouth
Kick her the -fuck- out
She'll cuss me out, like...

[Repeat chorus 1]

[Verse 3]
Yo, yo
Ya superstar status don't mean shit to me
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency
Try to dis me now
How you sound?
Yo, whoever signed you must be runnin the circus cuz you a clown
You a rapper wit a drug habit, hidin the truth
Camoflaugin ya needle tracks wit some colorful tattoos
You was never equipped for this
Never equipped to spit wit Bis
I'm swift as shit
Let me point out the main differences
You magnificent
I'm mic-nificent
Yo, I'd even go out on a limb wit it
Say you write a little bit
That don't make you a tight lyricist
Cause you don't practice or stick with it
Look at the 60 hour shifts I spend wit this
I never quit, I got a gift for the art
A low maintenance cost
No physical movin parts
In '98, niggas thought I was God
How the fuck did that change
I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see
If you see a hungry nigga then you lookin at me
And its aight if you don't trust me
Cause I don't trust you
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you
Motherfucker, Fuck you

[Chorus 2]

Ok, Phuk.. U.. [x4]
Ok, Phuk.. U.. [x4] Ok..

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsemen"

(feat. Pharoahe Monch)

[Pharoahe Monch]

Yo yo

The sheer fuckin assemblin of these fo' niggas rekindling war
Seek the Horsemen, we walk the planet Earth on all four's
Cause your empire to Fall like the season before winter
Don't get beside yourself like clone twins in the placenta
Assassinate the mayor through time-travel

The assignment: to reduce all molecules and pass through solid confinement
The only way you could flooowww *[slows down]* iiisss iiifff
I liquidize your rhyme
Consequently blowin by me crystalizin your mind
The government assigned sentinels for Horsemen elimination
Claimin we were mutants of artificial insemination
Lost my limbs to bomb shrapnel

But through cell regeneration the blood accelerates at twice the speed
Peep the vindication indeed
Think tank full when you blink, think syncronicity
Rob three banks at the same time through Multiplicity shine
PLEASE!!! These four niggas combine alone
Bringin a nation of MC's to their knees wit ease
Seige a soldier and hold men for ransom
Stop procreation, chop they cocks off so they can't come
Block off a forty mile radius, bomb your fanbase
Seeds to abnormally born and scorn wit a man's face
Indeed watch the moon bleed, we lead by example
Loop my life in time, stretch it in a nine like a sample

[Canibus (Horsemen)]

We rock quadropeds (Horsemen, enforce men)
Chop off your fuckin head (We the Horsemen, enforce men)
Leave you all dead then we eat your car-cus
(The Horsemen) I'm a Horseman (enforce men)
I'm a Horseman (The Horsemen)
I'm a Horseman (The forcemen)
WE THE HORSEMEN!

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsementality"

(feat. Ras Kass, Killah Priest, Kurupt)

[Ras Kass]

The beginning of the end niggas!

[Canibus]

Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever, the alpha and the omega
The Canibus'll make your eyes redder
FUCK ya'll niggas talkin bout cheddar

[Ras Kass]

Brought to you by your millennium group The Horsemen

[Canibus]

Four swordsmen (From the land of the lost)
Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kurupt wit Can-i-bus
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut
MOTHAFUCKER!!!

[Both] Wavin the four-four!

[Kurupt]

I'm headless nigga, but I packs a big piece
Blastin, they let assassins loose on the street
Murderous notes I wrote, I lacerate throats
I toss fire at niggas
Mothafuck a six, the condos is supposed to be flip bricks
All thirty-nine of your bitches, pretty-ass bitch nigga
I'll throw some fucked up kicks on
Next is a small tank top, the spot, shot it up
Beat you in your face wit a rope knotted up
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the Headless Horseman Kurupt
See I'm off the wall nigga, Horsementality
A Horseman nigga and that's all I'll be
See I'm tired of this Barkley shit
Niggas talkin shit, I wanna see the streets dark again
Let the heaters spark again
Police callin all cars off then
Powerful as a mothafuckin Vulcan
My specialty is poetically lyrically energetically ultramagnetically
Dogg Pound pedigree
Fuck the shiny shit, fuck a bitch, only grimy shit
Dirty shit, holocaust thirty-thirty shit
Missle click, assassin Sicilian
Kill women and kill men, and kidnap children
For vengeance in the name of the Horsemen
Slice your Achilles tendon, the Headless Horseman
And we abide by the code of the streets

The makings of a real MC nigga
(C...C...C...C) yeah bitch!

[Canibus]

So just abide by what you ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by
Just abide by what you ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by

[Killah Priest]

Mothafucker, it's started, four apocalyptic prophets
Appearin outta floatin objects
Wearin mid-western garments
Long trenchcoats wit our hands in our pockets
Slappin all you scary-ass rap artists half retarded
Swear by our forefathers
Anything you speak, think, or show will be disregarded
Then I drag your frightened ass through the darkness
Bring you out the other side as a carcass
I'm heartless, regardless if you claim to be gods or goddess
To me, ya'll all garbage
I see all of ya'll as movin targets
And my lyrics be the atomic rocket
Cosmic vomic spittin, hittin at ya Vietnam vets
Wit military arms and bombs strapped to our chest
Castin meteor storms and comets
Now who wanna make the next rise comet
And be the first one left unconscious
After I squeeze your head like the Charmin
Fuck around and see a lightning bolt around your throat
And squeeze till your head smoke from all the electric volts
Satanically sacrifice your ass like in a colt
Have your seance inside of a dark synagogue
We was lyrically sent to ya'll
Like demigod to put a end to ya'll
Spit bites like dogs and get the scent of ya'll
Horsemen, we be scorchin when we be walkin
Wit the power to put a graveyard inside a coffin

[Ras Kass]

Let's serve it out like the breeze
Now watch me do one-armed handstands
And hang these N-U-T's over seven continents and seven seas
Streets is Lebonese
Be rockin Bogari wrist watches and sniper marines
Most of these MC's can't even rap
Just modeling, go gold and get big-headed like they swallowin colleges
I spit empty gravesites, rap stars fill em out
You what? Thirty, forty years old and still wack as fuck
Me? I'm ain't even in my prime
When I write my dopest rhyme, western civilization declines
Catch me hoppin off the A train in a New York state of mind
But I rep westside, so I keep L.A. time

That's a three-hour difference
So when my bitch is a six, she really a nine
In seven days, she'd still be a dime
Call me Blaze Skywalker hittin jugular veins
Crack open your skull wit a paperate and suck out your brains
Kiddo, I be doin my thug-thizzo for shizzo
And the wife of a careless man is almost a widow
So what's happening, from P.I. to '99 Madden
Since police be jackin blacks, I talk to pigs in Pig Latin
Uckfe uye ichbe echbe a igginebe and free Keith Murray
[Translation:] Fuck you bitch ass niggas

[Canibus]

Yo yo yo
I kick a verse at six-hundred and sixty-six meghertz
Make lightning flash across the sky everytime I curse
Six-hundred and sixty-six flashes
Give out six-hundred and sixty-six lashes
To the backs of six-hundred and sixty-six Master of Ceremony has-beens
Put a crown of thorns on whoever the king of rap is
If he's a (Catholic) I nail him to a crucifix
Then I beat him till he's blackish-blueish
Then perform acupuncture wit six-hundred and sixty-six toothpicks
Beat em wit two whips wit pieces of broken glass glued to it
Your whole crew gets bayed and nuetered
As i aim and shoot it, you get sprayed with bullets
Your armored cars and your kevlar vests is useless
I'ma fuck all of you pussies like group sex
You get six-hundred and sixty-six years imprisonment
For bitin off another niggas' shit you bitch
You got caught, now you on the other side of the law
Snitchin on mad niggas in a soundproof court
To get some of your sentence knocked off, na nigga you wildin
Cuz you still be in Riker's Island gettin forced to toss salads
You scared of that, wit a phobia fear of that
I'ma tape it on a digital video DAT and send a copy to Miramax
Leave you exposed, turn on the fiction and fact so everybody you know
You a sucker-ass nigga, father-fuckin ass nigga
That got fucked in the ass by a father figure
(Battle who?) I'll bruise and bash you, blast you
Autograph you wit a bullet wound for a tattoo
Delivering mind blowin rhymes and poems
Controllin my tongue when I'm flowin like pilot controlled Boeings
When I get bitten, I bite back
Quicker than Tyson attacks, I don't give a FUCK if I don't get my license back
So, take caution
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop northward
MC's take caution
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop northward mothafuckers
Yeah, so just abide by what your ride by

Cuz we abide by what we ride by
Just abide by what your ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by, HA!

[All]

Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Priest, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Bis, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Ras, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! Aiyyo Kurupt, hit them niggas wit the hardcore

[Kurupt]

Yeah nigga, I'm headless without thoughts
Wit my mothafuckin arms crossed
I transform from a Dogg to a Horse
Took over the whole race course
Throw the jockey off the saddle, now who the fuck really wanna battle?

[Fading]

Got me a pistol, launch it off like a missle
Let it whistle, they fall fuckin 'round wit the Dogg
I'm a hog

Canibus Lyrics

"100 Bars"

Yeah!!! That's the beat right there.
I'm about to black out with 100 bars on some professional shit.
So don't try this at home, yo.

Yo, yo, yo
My style of rhymin is ancient like Aztecs and Mayans
Because I recognize its all about timin
Me and my freestyle alliance practicin African voodoo science
In front of 20 ft. bonfires lookin skyward
Calculating May 5, 2000 the nine planets'll be in alignment
The arrival of the prophet in the cockpit
Of a starship the size of the Hale-Bopp comet
With mercury ion rockets
And a big ass "Canibus comin soon" poster on the side of it
I'm known geographically and intergalactically
That's why I got extraterrestrials that wanna battle me
They even tried kidnappin me
And they would've snatched me
If their craft didn't get trapped in the Earth's gravity
Engines stalled and failed. Crashed into a farmer's field
And that's really what caused Roswell
Undercover operatives workin for COM 12
Disguised as a nigga signed with a record deal
Lyrically I'm off scale
So all hail or get tossed towards Hell, whatever y'all feel
Briusin niggas, confusin niggas like Chip Fu from the Fu-Schnickens
Hit you with nuclear cruiser missiles
Hear the wild wolf growl
Styles stockpiled for miles from the ground to the clouds
Wack niggas wanna be down but its not allowed
Interrupt the cipher unannounced and you'll get punched in the mouth
With the southpaw southern fist
I'll bust your shit. Swell your lip and get the Bubba shrimp
Back the tougher shit. What a wimp
You giant Goliath. Niggas get shot with a rubber sling
I'm an experiment gone bad.
My brainwaves on an encephalograph show that I'm stark ravin mad
Your whole scientific staff'll get killed in a nuclear blast
When I throw the formula stashed in my hand
Flammable liquids in the lab explode
And you get stabbed with all the flyin glass
Trained to blow up commercial aircrafts
Trained in chemical weapons class
Just to see how long a nigga's breath'll last
I put him in a leather mask
Spray his ass with a can of pepper gas
Then watch him grab his neck and gag

Watch the nigga choke to death as I laugh
"You wanna battle?" is the type of question you should never ask
Nigga, pick a tougher task. See who the fuck'll last
Whoever lose'll get a solderin iron up the ass

You need to recognize
My hand is quicker than the eye
Quicker than the 5 speed Jamiroquai drives
A lifespan longer than 9 lives. Infinite rhymes that can't die

A nigga with a divine mind
I dedicate this to the wise. Dedicate it to dames
Dividin myself into 100 ten times
You can't deny the offerin's an offer

Flows that glow with aurora's the spark of light
Water fly like a saucer
With the torque of a Porsche
Murder a million MCs then autograph all of their coffins
Been gettin it on since I been born and I'm a live long

And I'm a be gettin it on till I'm gone
Look at all the stages I been on. All the songs that I spit on
I took an oath to rip everything I get on

A nigga like me should have Carpal Tunnel syndromes
In the wristbones from grippin microphones this long
I'm just a small fish in a big pond
And gets pissed off whenever I gets picked on

Nigga try to flip and get flipped on
My army march a million strong
Like the nation of Islam with suede timbs on
Extremely hostile
Fully armed troops dressed in frog suits and night vision goggles
A lyrical lynch mob

Shittin on niggas drawn to a hideous form with horns and a mink on
Duckin down low like Vietnam fightin the Vietcong
Screamin "incomin" when I see a bomb
Speak to your leader. Surrender your arms
You need about a million more soldiers to even the odds
Plus 800,000 to even consider a war
And 200,000 more to even look hard
You better drop your flag and withdraw

My cavalry charge accompanied by a blizzard of wicked metaphors
And smash y'all. Attach y'all to the back of my horse
And drag y'all across the motherfuckin asphalt
9 out of 10 niggas is frauds

You know who you are always talkin about your bitches and your cars
Your jewelry and your girls. It's like we from two different worlds
You motherfuckers really get on my nerves
Cause I'm beyond them, on some futuristic cyborg shit

I close my eyes when I freestyle so I could read what picture crossed in
Then raise my arms like a sorcerer and cast a fireball into the audience
To barbecue your brain organs
You feel like you've been thrown in a microwave oven
I flame broil suckers and hit 'em with some more shit
The raw shit. Call my reinforcements, the four horsemen
Take a big piece of chalk and draw a line across the stage pulpit

I dare a motherfucker to cross it
I'll even call my man Black Rob at two in the mornin
Tell him it's important. Tell him to call Sting 3 way and sing a chorus
Break your camcorders so you motherfuckers can't record it
Call the news, I'll kill your reporters
Start a lawsuit, I'll kill your lawyers
Fuck the soft shit and fuck what y'all think
My album's gold cause my album was the bomb, shit
Y'all niggas got your ass beat cause you asked for it
Got your picture taken and put in a tabloid
Cause you a man and you like to touch little boys
You fuck 'em in the ass, then you give 'em cash for it
That's some sick shit homeboy
A hundred years ago, they'd have took you to see Sigmund Freud
You fraudulent. Feminine. Fragile as a feather is
With an effortless blow, I'll crack your whole skeleton
You think you're better than Canibus, where's the evidence?
You got below average intelligence and poor penmanship
You need to shut the fuck up cause your breath stink
Take fifty cents and purchase a pack of peppermints
Battlin me you never win
You thought you was the only nigga that could sneak a weapon in?
Nigga guess again
Cause after I'm finished wreckin this shit
I'm a drink a whole bottle of Henney and go fuck a lesbian

Canibus Lyrics

"Chaos"

[Verse 1 (acapella)]

Yo yo yo

Now ain't nobody fuckin wit the mastermind

I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified

Nickel and Teslin, Jon Von Neuman

All wrapped up in the body in one human

I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest

I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris

When it comes to rappin, I'll smash your ass

Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon

I'll smack you wit a backhand

That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin at your catscan

In between albums, I've become a masked man like Batman

And stalk my own rap fans

I'm like a madman fightin a war

Throwin lightning rods, swingin lightning swords

Blow you away wit a force that'll leave your body lost

Gone, nothin to mourn, nothin to do a autopsy on

I rock till I can't rock no more

Till I can't get no mothafuckin props no more

Till they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour

Till 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more

I'm a dragon wit the head of a lion, jaws be like saws grindin

Claws rip through walls of cast iron

I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start shootin

I clap iron like Duke Nukeum

Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped

Flatter than a compact disc wit black Timbs

Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim

Flatter than the knife Jigga stabbed Un wit

[Chorus]

If you the first nigga that laugh

I'll blow you in half

The first nigga to talk trash

I'ma blow you in half

The first nigga to show your ass

I'll blow you in half

The first time'll be your last

Cuz I'ma blow you in half

[Verse 2]

Yo check it beat comes in

I destroy your whole city block when I'm ready to rock

Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not

Magnetically energy poppin gates of radio waves

Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape

Manipulatin space in large proportions
Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin
About shit like supernatural forces
Gnomes and theories and superstring theories
Most of you mothafuckers barely
Even understand the English language, much less think clearly
When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell
Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt
I researched my roots, lookin for proof
The best place to hide a lie is between two truths
The aftermath of a nuclear blast
When the average death sentence becomes a dead paragraph
I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass
Reach your epitab and bury your ass
As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly
I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on karaoke

[Chorus x2]